And the Kings rowſe the heaven ſhall bruit againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder: Come away. *Flouriſh, Exeunt all*
Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolve it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt ſelfe ſlaughter! O God, God,
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed; things rank & groſſe in nature
Poſſeſſe it meerly: that it ſhould come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly: heaven and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth: Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe,
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules*; within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous teares
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip. (ſelfe.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my
Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you;

And

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*? *Marcellus.*
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good even ſir.)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemy ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe; I know you are no truant;
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour*?
Wee'll teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow ſtudent,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven
Or ever I had ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not looke upon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw who?
Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hora. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentive eare, till I may deliver
Upon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen
This marvaile to you.
Ham. For Gods love let me heare.
Hora. Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night